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## LODGE NOTICES

F. & A. M.

CHURCHILL LODGE No. 26, F. & A. M., holds regular stated meetings on the first Saturday night of each month. Visiting brethren are invited to attend.

W. H. SIFFORD Master.

K. OF P.

ALPINE LODGE No. 24 meets on Second and Fourth Saturdays of each month. Visiting brethren are invited to attend.

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## Our Weekly Short Story

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### PRISONER OF FREEDOM

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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It was the ideal brook for trout. Down between two hills it rambled in zigzag fashion, gray leached rocks breaking its course into miniature maelstroms and little fussy, foaming cataracts until it reached the broad, willow shaded pond in the valley.

Burroughs tramped leisurely uphill. It was nearly noon, and he was due at The Pines at 1 for luncheon, but each deep, green pool tempted him to a fresh cast, and the air was warm and lazy. He chose a flat rock, shelving corner of the brook and seated himself for a final chance at the speckled charmers that flashed like quicksilver through the water now and then.

Far below him there was the faint popping of fireworks in the village, and beyond, out at the Narrows, the cannon of the forts boomed every once in awhile in honor of the birthday of freedom. But Burroughs was apathetic to the sound. There was a glamour about the wooded, rock ribbed hills and delicious silence that appealed to his city wearied mind.

Charley had promised him a Fourth of absolute peace and quietude if he would come down to The Pines. There was good fishing, fine trout especially. He could try the automobile if he chose, and finally Captain Hilbert and



"I KIND OF THOUGHT I'D KETCH YE, SONNY, THIS TIME."

his daughter were to spend half of the day at The Pines and had long expressed a desire to meet the literary chrysalis of the hour.

"You don't have to show off, old man," his brother-in-law had said reassuringly. "They're old stock, you know, and live plain, but exclusive, even if the old tar has twin millions tied up somewhere. It will be just a pleasant little Liberty day party, and I think you'll like Bess Hilbert."

Burroughs rather thought he would too. He had seen her photograph, a large platino type, whose delicate tones brought out the beauty of the gay, girlish face, and it had appealed to his artistic sense.

The bamboo rod quivered gently, and before he could think twice he had a trout flashing upward in the sunlight. At the same instant a hand gripped his coat collar firmly.

"I kind of thought I'd ketch ye, sonny, this time. Jest drop that pole."

"Clear out, will you?" gasped Burroughs wrathfully, but a friendly rap on the knuckles from a knotty stick sent the rod flying, and he faced his assailant. He was a tall, stoop shouldered old man, with shrewd, twinkling eyes, a broad brimmed straw hat and chin whiskers.

"I've been lookin' for you, sonny, for several weeks," he said pleasantly. "Kind of like our trout, don't ye?"

"I was not aware that I was trespassing," began Burroughs stiffly. "If you will take your hand off my collar I shall be glad to pay any fine due."

"Course you would; tickled to death and get off scot free of worldly examples, but the captain's orders, sonny, didn't contain any mention of fines. 'If you ketch the scamp, Hiram,' sez he, 'jest hang on to him, and we'll make a shining example of him on this glorious day of freedom.' Right about face!

March!"

One is at a disadvantage with a hand of steel on the collar, just where the knuckles can grind persuasively into the neck, and a hickory rod is being juggled over one's head. Burroughs made a desperate effort to wrench himself free and stumbled helplessly in the attempt.

"Say, look here," he cried. "I'll give you \$10 if you'll let me go."

"March! Left, left!"

"Twenty!"

"Sonny, if you insult my old friend, Hiram Hicks, again I'll break your infernal noodle into small, dry chips. Left, left!"

Burroughs set his teeth and marched with as good grace as possible. He had caught the word "captain." It must be Captain Hilbert whose trout he had unwittingly poached. He wondered with sudden horror whether the lank, incorruptible Nemesis at his heels would haul him before the captain and brand him a criminal in the presence of Miss Hilbert.

They had passed through a grove of oaks and walnuts. An old fashioned

colonial mansion showed beyond an apple orchard, but he was turned away from it and taken to an old corner which stood between the orchard and the huge white barn. It was empty and nearly stifling. The double doors were ponderous and were barred from the outside.

"I reckon you'll be tolerable easy here till the captain gets home," said Hiram cheerfully. "I'll bring you some water and be handy in case of emergency."

"Now, see here," began Burroughs sternly. "Once for all, I had no idea of stealing your devilish trout. I am a guest of Mr. Merrill of The Pines."

"That's all right, sorry," interrupted Hiram soothingly. "You lie down there in the corner and take a nap on it while you're waiting. I don't doubt your intentions one bit now, but you were stealing trout, and I ketched you in the act, and the captain sez, 'Hiram, if you ketch the scamp thet's stealin' my trout you keep him,' and I'm going to hang on to you."

The hours crept by. Burroughs walked back and forth in his prison. He wondered if they would send a search party after him. Hiram brought fresh water to him several times and chatted pleasantly through the broad cracks of the crib where the sunlight filtered through in broad rays of golden notes. But the hickory club was in readiness for possible mutiny, and Burroughs knew his cause was hopeless.

When twilight came and he lay down from sheer weariness of walking Hiram called out that the fireworks down at his friend's place were right pretty, and he thought grimly that no one was worrying on his account after all.

About 9 o'clock carriage wheels sounded on the drive, and after awhile Hiram opened the doors cautiously.

"He's right in here, captain," he said, with a chuckle. "I ketched him yanking out a dandy."

"Come out, sir," called Captain Hilbert heartily. "Come out, you scamp!"

Burroughs walked out angry and indignant, yet half amused as he saw consternation in the captain's eyes. He explained his identity briefly, and Hiram sat down on the chopping block and whistled as the two linked arms and strolled to the house.

The blue eyes of Bess Hilbert twinkled with merriment when she heard the story of the capture over a late supper, but they also seconded her father's invitation to spend a week or more with them as atonement for his celebration of the Fourth.

"The trout fishing is very good here, Mr. Burroughs," she added demurely. "I enjoy it myself."

"And he's a mighty slick fisherman, thet boy," Hiram said three weeks later as he sat on the shelving rock over the trout brook and watched two figures farther down the hillside under the willows. "He certainly does land some beauties."

Under the willows Bess laughed happily.

"You'll be my prisoner for life now, Stanley," she said teasingly.

"In the glorious cause of freedom," answered Burroughs, kissing her as Hiram kindly turned his back. "I'll surrender to the captain tonight, sweetheart."

### Summer Ice.

The peasants of Pongibaud, in the mountains of Auvergne, are acquainted with a singular summer formation of ice, presumably due to evaporation of underground moisture and consequent fall in temperature. Of this phenomenon they have for many years taken advantage to cool and harden their cheeses, which are deposited in certain caverns where this ice is found to be present, and thus keep good during the hottest summer months.

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